

T H E
HUE and CRY,

Or *Ox---ds* Farewel to *IRELAND*.

With his Confession and Advice to all *Priest-Catchers*.

OH Stubborn Mobbs that ever did me hate,
And in all Places rudely did me treat,
Farewel, by load of Guilt I'm forc't to Part,
From dreadful DUBLIN with a broken Heart.
Being daily Pester'd e're since *Tyrells* Death,
By Mobbs and Pamphlets in one Continued Breath.
Without a Friend or Pity of my Case,
I'm Beaten, Kick'd, and Ston'd in every Place.
But to Confess, and give the Devil his Due,
My self I mean, I Devil like did Pursue,
All wicked ways, that Hell-hound could Invent,
And with false Heart like *Judas* I was bent.
On any terms that Money would procure,
Rather than fail, tho' to be Hang'd was sure ;
Pimping for Pockey Rakes was my Delight
And Cuckold like Procur'd for my Wife at Night.
When these shifts failed and Coin came slowly in,
PRIEST-CATCHING next to follow did begin.
The Damnedst Trade none but a Rogue e're follows,
Ever rewarded with a Rope and Gallows.
Now to Advise if I may hope for Grace,
Hated INFORMERS if any be so base,
To own my name (by *Tyrells* Fate adorn'd)
And for like Practices I am by all Men scorn'd.
If after me, another Rogue is seen,
PRIEST-CATCHING, Mobb him well as I have been.
Till forc'd his Life to save (as I am taught,
By late Experience which I dearly Bought)
To Quit the Kingdom in safety for to Dwell,
Or give the Devil his Neck to hurry him down to Hell.
Thrice Cursed be he that learn'd me this vile Trade,
May all such Rogues their Countrys Scorn be made,
And like me sent away for Good Mens Quiet,
Or Hang'd like *Judas*, or Starv'd with Goal birds Dyet.
Cursed once more, and Carting be her Doom,
That was my Whore, in *Bride-Well* give her Room.
Least she may Tempt me again to *Ireland*,
With her to spend my Cash and then be Hang'd,
No no I'll shew the People no such sport,
And never trust my self in Q---s Bench Court,
Since Cuckolds Fortune as yet has me spar'd
From Dearest *Tyrells* End so Justly feard.
Farewel dear *New-Gate* Friends and old Companions,
Never more shall you see me there roast Onions ;
Nor Tun down Belsh, nor play the Knave of Clubbs,
Nor Louse your Beds, nor feel the keepers Drubbs.
Since to the Kingdoms Comfort I am sent away,
No Vermin like me will have leave to stay,
For since all troubles abroad End in a Peace,
It is but Just Informing Knaves give place ;
And mutual Friendship every where be seen,
And every Place and Kingdom bless the QUEEN.